WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL XIV—NO. 3. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1801. WHOLE NO. 679.

THE STRATAGEM OF LOVE.

A SPANISH TALE.

HOW ingenious is love! How many are the resources it has for uniting two hearts smitten with each other, notwithstanding all cross accidents, and opposing obstacles! If any one should doubt of this truth, the following adventure will afford ample proof of it.

A number of strangers, composed chiefly of very amiable women, arrived at an inn of the city of Lucca. As they entered, a man was going out, whom they fancied by his garb to be a physician. They found themselves not mistaken, overhearing his conversation with the mistress of the house. I cannot yet discover, said he to her whether this girl be mad, or possessed with the devil, but I think she is both; yet, notwithstanding her mad freaks, and the demon that has taken possession of her, I believe I should cure her if her uncle, in too much haste to continue his journey, was to give me time to effect a cure of such importance.

What is this? said the strangers; we can never lodge in a house that entertains mad people. Let not your ladyships be alarmed, answered the hostess. Believe me, remain here, and you will see, without the least danger, what the curious would come a hundred leagues to see, if they had any knowledge of what is transacting in my house.

The strangers hereupon came to a resolution among themselves to stay, and asked what were those extraordinary things they were to expect.

Follow me, said the hostess, addressing herself to the women, and you will be able to judge of the matter yourselves.

They stepped with her into a chamber, where there was a bed sumptuously adorned. There they saw lying a very beautiful girl, of the age, as it seemed, between sixteen and seventeen. Her arms were tied down to the bolsters of the bed. Two women that served as attendants to her were busy in keeping her legs also fast bound to the bed, and she was earnest in entreating them to desist, because modesty would deter her from being guilty of the least indecency. Then turning suddenly to the strangers. O ye, said she to them, that are undoubtedly angels incarnate, and, perhaps are come down from heaven to restore my health to me, I conjure you, pure intelligences, by the power you are commissioned with from our common Creator, to command these material substances, who have bound me, to set me free this instant. All I want is to bite four or five times my arms, and then I shall be satisfied, and made incapable of doing the least mischief.

Poor neice, cried an old gentleman, who had just entered the room, my dear Isabella recommend thyself to God for recovering thy senses, from whom thou hast received them, and, far from coveting to devour thy delicate flesh, eat of that which thy uncle, who loves thee tenderly, would fain present thee. Speak! tell thy wants. We are rich enough to enable me to satisfy thy appetite with the most exquisite produce of the earth and waters.

I want nothing but rest, replied the young lady. Let these angels be left with me. Their presence may chase from me the demon I am possessed with; for surely, he cannot abide in such company.

The old gentleman went out and every one with him, except the strangers.

When Isabella saw herself alone with them, she prayed them to look about if any one remained in the chamber that might hear them. They assured her there was no one. Then she sat up as well as she could, and shewed a desire to explain herself. She opened her mouth; but, instead of words, nothing found vent but sighs, and these with so much vehemence, that it was thought she was going to breath her last. This however, was succeeded with so great a dejection of spirits, and such weakness, that she fainted away on her bed.

The women called out for help, and the uncle ran in, holding in one hand a crucifix, and in the other a brush dipped in water. Two friars came in likewise, who, fully persuaded that the devils were tormenting Isabella, promised to plunge them back again into hell's abyss.

Isabella, recovering from her fainting fit, and viewing the whole apparatus of exorcism: "Good Sirs," said she to them, "your endeavors are to no purpose. You cannot compel me to quit this place. I will not leave it, but when I please; and this shall not be till Don Lewis Nurillo comes, who was born in this city, and who now is student in the University of Salamanca, and quite regardless of what is passing at Lucca."

This speech helped to confirm those that heard her in the opinion, that Isabella was really possessed by an evil spirit; for how otherwise could she know, that, in a city she was never in before, there was a family of the name of Nurillo? From such inconceivable knowledge it was evidently concluded that the devil spoke by her mouth. Full of this notion, the two friars exerted themselves to deliver Isabella. But their citations of the spirit were fruitless. The devil would not quit his hold.

Isabella, who had her reasons for not getting rid of him, prayed the exorcists to defer their good offices till another time, and to withdraw; which they did, together with the old gentleman.

The doors were shut again. The beautiful sick lady, being satisfied she could speak without fear said to the women who remained in the chamber, "The first thing I require of you, is to disincumber me of the embarrassment I am under; for, though these bandages are not over tight, they still incommode and hinder me, from conversing with you at my ease."

On a request made with so much good sense, she was unloosed. Isabella sat up in her bed, and desired the ladies to draw near, and even seat themselves on the bed. She then took each of them familiarly by the hand, and spoke to them as follows:

"Very probable, ladies, you take me for what I am not; and my extravagance might authorize your opinion as well-grounded. But be not prejudiced, I beseech you, and believe that the demons have no share in the character I here assume. My name is Isabella Caffruccio, and, though born of very noble and opulent parents, who sometimes praised heaven for granting me some beauty, I am the most unhappy person in the world.

"My father and mother were originally of Capua, in the kingdom of Naples, and I was born at Madrid. Having lost them in early life, I was brought up in my uncle's house, the old gentleman you have seen, who has long resided at court. But, alas! why should I go so far back with the history of my misfortunes? Let us pass to their principal cause.

"A young Cavalier came to court, when I was with my uncle. I saw him for the first time at church. He fixed my whole attention. I could not help entertaining for him very tender sentiments, which no other had inspired me with. You may blame me, perhaps, for not having made myself mistress of my first emotions. I accuse myself of it. But, young as I was, and without any exeriance of love, how could I make resistance against an object which presented itself, with all the graces that nature could endow it with? In short, I loved him, I saw him a second time at the same place, and my love received an additional increase. I lost no time in getting information of his birth, qualities, and his occupation at court. I learned that his name was Don Lewis Nurillo, son of Don John Nurillo, one of the most ancient senators of the republic of Lucca; but, at the same time, indifferently provided with the goods of fortune: that his morals were without blemish and that he was going to perfect his studies at Salamanca.

"Being afraid of his leaving Madrid, before I had an opportunity of conversing with him, I found means to have intimated to him my sentiments in his favor. He was told of my great riches, and how highly prized I was for beauty. He was also told that my uncle, in quality of guardian, was intent on obliging me to marry one of my relations, that my fortune might not go out of my father's family; but that I had an invincible aversion to that marriage. He was given to understand, that it depended on him to avail himself of my inclination for him, to retrieve the circumstances of his family, and, if the match suited him, measures would be concerted for introducing him to me.

"His answer, at first, was not so favorable as I wished. He was not unacquainted, he said, with my fortune or great beauty; he had seen me several times, and, being prepossessed with the strongest inclinations for me, had informed himself who I was, to judge if he could reasonably devote himself to that inclination, or stop short its progress. He had learned, that if our conditions of birth are equal, I had the advantage of a fortune superior to his: and, since that eclaircissement, he had used continual efforts to conquer an affection, which reason did not permit he should suffer to take root in his heart.

"The person, who was my agent in this affair returning to the charge, destroyed all his scru-

ples, and, exhorting him to prefer the counſels of love to thoſe of reaſon, diſpoſed him without difficulty to ſee me. We facilitated the means a few days after.

"I need not proceed to the detail of our converſation. Nutillo aſſured me, that, regardleſs of the conſideration of my fortune, he felt for me heat of a fire that could not be extinguiſhed, and ſhould be ever greatful for the permiſſion I granted him to love me. He conjured me not to yield to the ſeductive ſpeeches of my uncle. He promiſed to help me to divert him from his purpoſe, in regard to my being married to my kinſman, as ſoon as he ſhould return from Salamanca, where he was under neceſſity of going for a ſhort time.

"I aſſured him alſo, on my part, that, as it was not the nature of my ſentiments to admit of birth and death in an inſtant, I would oppoſe, during his abſence, every enterprize againſt my own will.

[To be continued.]

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

A Servant was ſent with an invitation from a lady of faſhion to Garrick, one evening, when he was dreſſed for the part of Abel Drugger. Garrick deſired him, in the voice and manner of the character he was about to perſonate, to leave the card. The mimicry was ſo conſummately executed, that the ſervant refuſed to leave the meſſage, as he was ſure that this was not Mr. Garrick, whom he had often ſeen, and with whoſe perſon he was well acquainted.

The ſtory being related by Garrick to Dr. Hawkeſworth, the latter gentleman ſeemed entirely to diſcredit it, alledging that ſuch a deception was altogether impoſſible. The actor immediately laid a wager with the Doctor, that he would practiſe with ſucceſs the ſame piece of humor with him. Accordingly, not long after this converſation, he habited himſelf in the character of the Farmer, in his interlude of that title, and put up his horſe at a public houſe on the Hampton-road, not long before Hawkeſworth paſſed, on the way to Garrick's houſe. When the Doctor was gone by, he mounted and overtook him, in the courſe of their converſation the farmer enquired to what houſe he was going; to which the Doctor anſwered, to Mr Garrick's! I know him well, replied his companion, for he is my landlord, and I am going in a day or two to pay him my rent. They parted, and Garrick having changed his dreſs, received his friend, who was entirely ignorant of the deception. The next morning Garrick put on the ſame dreſs, and coming into the parlor, where Hawkeſworth was ſitting, was immediately recognized by the Doctor, who entered into a converſation with him. At length Garrick reveal'd himſelf, and the Doctor confeſſed he had loſt the wager.

MEMORANDUM.

WHEN Dr. Franklin printed a Newſpaper in Philadelphia, a perſon brought him a piece which he deſired might be publiſhed. The Doctor requeſted him to leave it till the next day, when he would give him an anſwer. He accordingly returned at the time appointed, and received the following anſwer from Franklin: "He had," he ſaid, "peruſed the Piece, and found it to be ſcurrilous and defamatory. To determine whether he ſhould publiſh it or not, he had gone home in the evening, purchaſed a two penny loaf at the baker's, and with water from the pump, had made a ſupper of it. He then wrapped himſelf up in his great-coat, laid himſelf on the floor and ſlept ſoundly till morning; when, on another loaf, and mug of water, he breakfaſted, and felt no inconvenience whatever from his regimen. Finding he could live in this manner, he had formed a determination never to proſtitute his Preſs to the purpoſe of Corruption and Abuſe, for the ſake of gaining a more comfortable ſubſiſtence."

ANECDOTE.

Dr. Walker, Profeſſor of Natural Hiſtory at Edinburgh, a man of great ſcience, and alſo of great worth, is not a little finical in his dreſs. His hair-dreſſing was, till lately that he got a wig, the work of two or three hours every day. Once when he was travelling from Moffat, where he was then miniſter, to pay a viſit to the late Sir James Clerk, of Pennycuick, he ſtopped at a country barber's ſhop on the way, in order to have his hair dreſſed. The barber, who, although he had often heard of his cuſtomer, but was unacquainted with his perſon, did all that he could to obey his numerous directions which he received; with aſtoniſhing patience did he for three hours curl, uncurl, friz, and labor at the Doctor's hair; at length, however, he could not avoid exclaiming—"Why, in all my life, I never heard of a man ſo ill to pleaſe as you, except the mad Miniſter of Moffat!"

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON VISITING THE TOMB OF A FEMALE FRIEND.

SWEET blooming flow'r! why hangs thy beauteous head,
Like ſome pale lover weeping o'er his woes?
Shalt thou too fade when Autumn's froſt has ſhed
Its chilling horrors o'er each ſcene that glows?

Or ſhall the untimely blaſt deſtroy thy form,
While youthful fragrance wantons in thy leaf?
Yet ſhall a milder ſun ſucceed the ſtorm,
And dry from Sorrow's cheek the tear of grief.

But, lo! conſign'd to the relentleſs tomb,
A fairer victim withers and decays,
Whom not the breathing Spring's ſoft roſeate bloom
Shall deck in bluſhes, or in ſplendor raiſe.

SALOME was fair, oh! how divinely fair,
When life's gay morning ſhed its cheering ray!
And when diſeaſe had ſpread its ev'ning air,
She ſtill was lovely as the cloſing day.

The languid eye yet look'd expreſſive round,
The trembling lip of virtue calmly ſpoke;
And while each liſt'ning ear caught ev'ry ſound,
The gentle ſpirit from its manſion broke.

"Weep not for me;"—oh! ceaſe my flowing eyes,
While o'er that ſcene remembrance fondly ſtrays!
"Weep not for me, to ſacred joys I riſe,
"To boundleſs pleaſures and eternal praiſe!"

And hark! ſweet accents on the fancy ſwell,
That fill with melody the circling air,
'Tis SALOME's harp;—the ſounds of raptures tell
How bleſt her ſtate, and yonder worlds how fair.

Siſter of angels! o'er thy ſacred urn
The tear of friendſhip ſtill inceſſant falls;
'Tis Heav'n commands affection ſtill to burn,
And Nature for the pious tribute calls.

But frowning Sorrow ſoftens to a ſmile,
Complacent views the cold and ſilent grave,
And turns to joy, when yet a little while
And life and beauty o'er its duſt ſhall wave.

October 27. I. A.

SONNET,

Written at Sea, when returning a widowed voyager from the Weſt Indies.

ALONE on life's tempeſtuous ocean caſt,
A widow, ere the morn of life he paſt;
Ah! by what ſkill ſhall I thoſe rocks avoid,
Which break the foaming waves on every ſide!

My much lov'd POLLIO now no more appears,
To ſoothe my ſorrows and ſubdue my fears,
With ſkilful hand my feeble bark to guide,
And bid the threatening dangers all ſubſide.

My God, henceforth do thou my pilot be,
And guide me ſafely thro' this troublous ſea;
Oh! teach me how the heavenly port to gain,
While billows heave, and ſyrens lure in vain;
And ſteady as the needle to the pole,
To thee ſhall point the affections of my ſoul.

As the Ladies now diſcard all dreſs, except a kind of long CHEMISE, we preſent them with the following Parody; and ſincerely hope that it may perſuade them, as the winter approaches, to purchaſe more flannel, and fewer muſlins.

DOCTORS! I have loſt my health,
Where, O where's my vigor!
No faithleſs ſwain, no act of ſtealth
Reduc'd me to this figure.

Plump and roſy was my face,
And graceful was my form,
Till Faſhion deem'd it a diſgrace
To keep my body warm.

I ſacrific'd to modiſh whim,
(What belle can e'er forſake it!)
To make myſelf genteel and ſlim
I ſtrip me almoſt naked.

And naked thus I muſt remain
Till Faſhion WEDS with Reaſon,
God grant they may UNITED reign
Before the froſty ſeaſon!

THE FORCED MARRIAGE.

[The ſubſequent tale is no "viſion, wove in Fancy's loom;" it is a ſimple narrative of matter of fact, and the horrible evils of uncurbed paſſion may here be ſeen faithfully reflected as in a mirror.]

IN W——, a ſmall town in Saxony, there lived a poor, but honeſt and upright curate, who, for many years, had enjoyed without alloy, the tranquil pleaſures of domeſtic happineſs. He had a wife and an only daughter. Content with the ſphere, in which they were placed, and unacquainted with the turbulent paſſions of the faſhionable world their days flowed quietly on, in an uniform courſe of undiſturbed felicity. The mother and daughter took a joint care of all the domeſtic concerns, and ſtrove, by every conſiderate act of attention and love, to diminiſh the burthen, which the duties of the good old man impoſed on him. Harriot (this was the name of his daughter) was, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the words, the child after his own heart. He was unhappy if ſhe was abſent, even for a few hours, and ſhe was, therefore, his conſtant attendant. She was about eighteen years old, but had not yet experienced the inquietudes of that paſſion, which often exhibits itſelf in very early life in the great world, and her principles and mode of thinking were too noble and good to inſpire her parents with even the ſlighteſt apprehenſions as to the wanderings of her heart—But hear her hiſtory.

It is the cuſtom, in that country, for the cavalry to be quartered, during the time of peace, in different villages, where it is maintained at the expenſe of the peaſantry. Many of theſe ſoldiers are riotous young men, who by virtue of their profeſſion and uniform, have an entrance into the houſes of all the peaſantry, and even of the curates. One of them, a handſome but giddy young man, was quartered at W——, where he ſoon made the acquaintance of the good old parſon.

The young ſoldier had more culture of mind than is commonly met with in ſuch a claſs of men. He pleaſed the curate; they met frequently, and often ſat up till paſt midnight, entertaining themſelves with the hiſtories of battles and warlike atchievements, of which each of them knew an abundance of anecdotes.

Harriot found great entertainment in the company of the warrior, and like Othello's miſtreſs, the ſtory of his life, the battles, ſieges, fortunes that he had paſſed, the hair-breadth eſcapes, the moving accidents by flood and field, o'ercame her heart. Love had taken poſſeſſion of her boſom before ſhe was aware of its approach. The progreſs of this paſſion, when once admitted into the human breaſt, is certain as fate. She bluſhed when he took her by the hand and was unhappy when he left her. The ſoldier could not reſiſt the beautiful girl, his heart was formed for love; they therefore ſoon came to an explanation, but carefully concealed their mutual attachment from her parents; for they were juſtly afraid that prudential motives would cauſe them to oppoſe it. They bound themſelves to each other, however, by an oath, which, at the time that it ſhewed the ſtrength of their affection, exhibited the moſt romantic turn of mind. They promiſed to marry each other as ſoon as he ſhould attain the rank of ſerjeant-major, and agreed that the one ſhould deſtroy the other, who firſt failed in the engagement.

Thus matters ſtood, when, contrary to the hopes of the lovers, a lawyer, from a neighboring town, applied to the father of Harriot for the hand of his daughter. He was well received, and his views promoted by the old people; but when his intention was declared to the unfortunate girl, ſhe fell into the arms of her father as if ſtruck with lightning, and upon her recovery, ſhe wept bitterly, and intreated him not to encourage the addreſſes of this new lover.

Her parents, being ignorant of the true cauſe of her averſion, thought that time alone would overcome it, and they therefore gave their ſolemn promiſe to the lawyer, and reſolved to employ every means in their power to ſecond his wiſhes. Harriot, however, reſiſted every argument, and remained true to her promiſe; but her parents, at laſt, growing tired of her oppoſition, determined to employ their authority. The arguments that were made uſe of are needleſs to mention, and they were attended with ſucceſs. The young ſoldier ſoon received the intelligence, and from that moment deſiſted from viſiting the parſonage. His reſolution was taken—for without the girl he could not live.

A ſhort time before the marriage-day, a dance was given in W——, in honor of the pair. To this he reſorted, unable any longer to reſiſt the deſire of ſeeing his once beloved. He concealed himſelf among the ſpectators until he ſaw her dance; this rouſed him to a ſtate of fury; he ran home, took a pair of piſtols, which were loaded, and waited until the party broke up. It was a dark night, but he

diſcerned the unhappy bride and her bridegroom, walking hand in hand. He ſtept up to her, and, in a low voice, requeſted that ſhe would indulge him with a moment's converſation. She diſengaged her arm from that of the lawyer, intreated him to walk on, aſſuring him ſhe would immediately return; but alas! it was the laſt moment of her exiſtence; a piſtol ſhot was heard, and when her friends reached the place, ſhe was ſeen lying weltering in her blood at the feet of her murderer. "Now thou art mine again!" cried the ſoldier, "our oaths are fulfilled;" and with theſe words he diſappeared, favored by the obſcurity of the night: but he did not fly to eſcape. He delivered himſelf to the officers of juſtice, who were neareſt the place, and deſired to be inſtantly executed; which event indeed ſoon followed.

ANECDOTE.

TWO hair-dreſſers of Bath, (England) having quarreled in a public houſe, retired to King's Mead-fields, to fight it out. The one was a tall, thin man; the other ſhort, thick, and plethoric. After a few rounds the combatant, whoſe rotundity unfitted him for works of laſting proweſs, juſt whiſpered "I'll fight no more." The other anxiouſly catching the half-formed ſounds, aſked "What does he ſay?" "Say, (cried one of the ſeconds) why he ſays he'll fight another hour." "The devil he does, (rejoined the other) then I'll fight no longer." The fat man was accordingly declared victor, and carried from the field in triumph.

REMARK.

MAN is the only being endowed with the power of laughter, and perhaps he is the only one who deſerves to be laughed at.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1801.

THE MAYOR having collected the opinions of 18 Phyſicians of moſt extenſive practice in the city, has the ſatisfaction of announcing, that they all agree in declaring, the late alarm to have been infinitely greater, than the danger would warrant, moſt of them aſſerting, that no diſorder has prevailed but the uſual autumnal fever, none pronouncing it to be infectious, and all but three, uniting in the opinion, that ſuch of the citizens as have removed, may with ſafety return.

This, together with the official advice which he has received from Philadelphia, of the renewal of the intercourſe between the two cities, affords the Mayor an opportunity of congratulating his Fellow Citizens on the return of a ſtate of things, which he is warranted in believing, nothing but an unreaſonable panic has interrupted.

Mayor's Office, New-York, Oct. 28, 1801.

The Corporation of this city have paſſed a law regulating the Aſſize of Bread. By this law, every loaf of bread is to be marked with the initials of the Baker's name; and is to be made of good and wholeſome flour. The ſtandard is to be regulated by the Chamberlain, and publiſhed daily in the newſpapers; who is to allow an advance of fourteen ſhillings on the hundred weight of flour; and ſhall alter the aſſize as often as the price ſhall vary one dollar in the barrel. All bread which is not marked, is to be forfeited; and if not of the proper weight, and of good flour, a fine of twenty ſhillings, beſides the forfeiture of the bread.

The Corporation have alſo paſſed a law for the weekly publication in the newſpapers of an accurate liſt of the DEATHS in the city, with the age, ſex, and diſeaſe of each perſon.

On Tueſday night laſt, the boot and ſhoe warehouſe of Mr. D. Marſhal, 102 Broadway, was broken open and robbed of about 170 pair of ſhoes, a quantity of boots, a valuable watch, and ſundry other articles. The perpetrator is unknown, but ſuppoſed to be one of the peſts which infeſt the city, ſeeking by day the objects for plunder, under cover of the darkneſs of night.

The American Conſul at Tunis has declared the Port of Tripoli in a ſtate of blockade by the American flotilla, and that every veſſel attempting to enter the port would be treated with conformably to the law of nations.

A Treaty of Peace has been ſigned at Paris, between the French Republic and the Elector of Bavaria.

The communication between England and France is open, and the correſpondence more frequent than ever.

LOSS OF THE LOVELY LASS.

The ſhip Lovely Laſs, Thomas Burnham, maſter, belonging to John and William Wood, of New-York, ſailed from Havanna Aug. 27, in the evening, with a cargo of ſugar and logwood for New-York. Aug. 31, at half paſt 11, P. M. with a light ſquall, under ſingle reefed topſails, our ſhip upſet, and ſunk in ten minutes. We ſuppoſe ſhe muſt have ſtarted a plank previous to the ſquall, as ſhe went over very eaſy. Finding the ſhip ſinking, we all leaped for the water, each one graſping at whatever came in his reach, but nothing could be found but a few ſmall ſpars, ſome rubbiſh and the ſmall boat which was full of water. I fortunately got into the boat with three others; but ſhe ſwam ſo deep that we could ſcarcely keep our heads above water---the ſea frequently daſhing the boat over and over. In this ſituation we kept faſt till day-light, when we began to halloo for our ſhipmates, in hopes ſome of them might ſtill be living; we were ſoon anſwered by ſeveral, and had now got together to the number of ſeven. Fortunately we ſecured two conſiderable ſpars, with which, and ſome ſmaller ſpars, ſuch of us as could ſwim conſtructed a raft, upon which, after two unſucceſsful attempts, we raiſed the boat and bailed her out. We all got into the boat, and with ſome pieces of boards we paddled to windward, in hopes of picking up ſome more of our unfortunate crew. Happily we ſucceeded in part, and took on board one more. Our number at the time of ſinking conſiſted of 10 men and a boy. Two men, Daniel Collins and John Scot, and the boy James Roſwell, were loſt. We now ſaw a ſail, which we endeavored to come up with; but our boat was ſo ſmall that only four of us could row, while the other four were obliged to lay flat in her bottom ſo that our attempt failed, tho' we got ſo nigh the veſſel that we ſaw the men walking her deck, and made every ſignal we could, but they did not or would not ſee us. We now made for the ſhore before the wind and ſea, and with the ticken of a bed which we picked up, made a ſmall ſail, which drove us at the rate of four miles an hour, and at ſunſet we ſafely landed on the Florida ſhore, in lat. about 28.

NEWS FROM THE RED SEA.

Arrived at Salem the ſhip Recovery, Capt. Dana, in 118 days from Moka at the mouth of the Red ſea. The Recovery left Moka on the 22d of June, and brings the following intelligence; That a very large fleet of Britiſh Tranſport ſhips had gone up the Red ſea with troops; it was impoſſible to aſcertain the exact number of men employed; ſome accounts ſtated the number at 8000 men---there were ſeveral European regiments, and the remainder were the native Sepoys of the Eaſt Indies. The expedition was ſuppoſed to have employed 100 ſail of large country ſhips---the grand fleet entered the Red ſea in April, but one diviſion of 20 ſhips, arrived late in May. Before the Recovery ſailed from Moka, news had reached there that the army had landed at Co'ire and Seuz, as little or no oppoſition could be made. The Engliſh had alſo taken poſſeſſion of an Iſland at the mouth of the Red ſea, and uſed it for a depoſit for their ſtores. All was hurry and buſtle at Moka, where the Britiſh had Commiſſaries to purchaſe proviſions and ſupplies for the troops. The Frigate La Forte had been loſt in the Red ſea, by ſtriking on a reef of rocks near Judda---Col. Popham, from the Cape of Good Hope had joined the army. The Engliſh had very few men of war, and it was ſaid that theſe intended to ſail to cruiſe off the coaſt of Brazils.

The Convention have agreed to a reſolution limiting the number of Repreſentatives in the Legiſlature, in its largeſt extent, to 150---The conſtitution, as it now ſtands, admits of an increaſe to 300

After the preſent cenſus they are to be increaſed, on the taking of every future cenſus, in a ratio of two Members a year in the whole State. That is, after the next ſeptennial cenſus, an addition is to be made of fourteen members, and ſo on at every ſucceſſive cenſus, until they amount to 150. They have reduced the Senate to 24 members, and limited their largeſt number to 30. They are to increaſe in a ratio of one Senator, for every four years.

The apportionment of Senators and Repreſentatives among the different election diſtricts, is to be left with the Legiſlature for the time being.

The Convention paſſed a reſolution yeſterday, declaratory of the conſtruction of the 23d article of the conſtitution, relative to the right of nomination---and have reſolved that the right is concurrent in the Governor and each member of the Council. Eight votes were for the excluſive right in the Governor. Five for an excluſive right in the other members of the Council. [Albany paper Oct. 23.

COURT of HYMEN.

UNION of beings, intereſts, minds and names,
In all that WEDLOCK as its portion claims;
When theſe combine, both ſexes ſure muſt prove
The ſweets of marriage, and the bliſs of love.

MARRIED.

Some time ſince, the Rev. STEPHEN GANO, of Providence, Rhode-Iſland, to Mrs. LETTIN, of Hillſdale, Columbia County.

On Saturday evening laſt at Philadelphia, by the Rev. Dr. Ewings, the Rev. SAMUEL MILLER, of this city, to Miſs SARAH SERGEANT, daughter of the late Jonathan D. Sergeant, Eſq. of the city of Philadelphia.

Same evening, in this city, by the Rev. William Phenus, Capt. JOHN E. CAPP, to Miſs MARGARET RIKEMAN, both of this city.

Same evening, Mr. THOMAS WELSH, to Miſs MARY BROWN, both of this city.

MORTALITY.

For us Death's doors ſtand open night and day.

DIED,

On Wedneſday laſt, after a lingering indiſpoſition, Mrs. DEBORAH HEDGES, aged 87 years.

Hot-preſſed Family Bible,

A very elegant Copy, for ſale at John Harriſſon's Book-Store, No. 3 Peck ſlip. Alſo a freſh aſſortment of

Books, Stationary, &c.

ALMANACKS for 1802, per groſs, dozen, or ſingle.

SINGING SCHOOL.

THE ſubſcriber intends opening a Singing School, on Monday evening, the 2d November, at his School Room in Chatham-ſtreet, No. 153, at which place he will attend on Monday and Thurſday evenings, at 6 o'clock, for the purpoſe of inſtructing thoſe in Sacred Muſic, who may pleaſe to honor him with their attendance.

As it very much incommodes a Singing School to be crowded and interrupted by ſpectators, the public are reſpectfully informed that none will be admitted. All thoſe who wiſh to hear the performance of ſaid School, may be gratified by attending at Chriſt's Church, on Wedneſday evenings. LEWIS BOSON, jun.

NB. Thoſe who wiſh to become members of ſaid School, may call on me at the above-mentioned room, between 12 and 1 o'clock, on Mondays and Thurſdays. Oct 31.

QUILTED SILK COATS,

Made and for ſale by WILL. WEYMAN,
No. 39 Maiden-Lane.

Who has juſt completed a great aſſortment, which conſiſts of the moſt prevailing colours, neweſt fathions, and of different qualities.

A few ſent for trial if requeſted. Coats made to particular directions with care October 31. 79 3m

TO THE LADIES

MANTUA-MAKING and MILINARY executed with neatneſs and diſpatch at No 192 William-ſtreet.

New Novels,

For ſale by J. Harriſſon, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THREE SPANIARDS,
A ROMANCE,
By GEORGE WALKER.

NOCTURNAL VISIT,
By REGINA M. ROCHE.

THE MONK.
A Romance---By M. G. LEWIS, Eſq.

CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.
By REGINA M. ROCHE.

SPIRIT OF THE CASTLE,
A Romance.

COURT OF APOLLO.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE THIRD EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID's TRISTIA.

Translated from the original Latin.

BY P. FRENEAU.

[Continued from our last.]

NOW, unperceiv'd, the night declin'd away,
The night, refusing long or more delay;
To eastern skies the circling bear had turn'd,
And gleams of morning o'er the mountains burn'd;
What could I do?---the love of home detain'd,
But scarce an hour to linger now remain'd:
My stay how often did the guards upbraid----
"Why urge me thus, where must I go?" I said;
"Consider, friends, I leave my much-lov'd home,
The world's first beauty, and its mistress---Rome."
How often did I dream some future day
Was fix'd, as fitter, to prolong my stay!
Thrice on the threshold I my step impress'd,
Thrice I return'd at omen'd ills distrest;
My step, obedient to my soul's desire,
Slow and reluctant, strove not to retire:
Oft did I bid farewell, my steps retrace,
And like one dying, give the last embrace;
Repeated charges I before had given,
Lost in distraction, or by madness driven,
And oft review'd, or to forget them strove,
The once dear objects of unhappy love.
Why should I haste?---to Scythia must I stray---
Rome must I leave?---both might excuse delay;
My wife torn from me, widow'd will remain----
My house,---my old, my lov'd domestic train,
Farewell forever! friends, whom faithful found,
More than fraternal friendship to me bound,
Whose hearts, link'd to me by affection true,
(Bound by a stronger tie than Theseus knew)
While yet I can, I will embrace once more,
Since time nor fortune will that bliss restore.
Each hour, each moment while I dare remain,
To me most precious, is a heaven of gain;---
O grant delay!---with words half lost in air,
Again embracing what I held most dear,
I wept,---all wept---meantime the morning star
Beam'd in the east, the day's sad harbinger;
Condemn'd to part, dull, comfortless, forlorn,
Half of myself seem'd from the other torn.
Thus Priam wept when Jove and adverse fates
To treach'rous Greece unlock'd his Trojan gates.
Now groans and wailings burst from all around,
They smite their breasts, or in distraction wound:
My dame close to me hung with grief oppress'd,
And, drown'd in tears, these killing words address'd:
"You must not go---or I will share your fate,
A banish'd woman with her banish'd mate;
Where'er you go I'll constant, faithful prove,
Will follow to the world's last bounds my love;
You to relieve, I every load will bear,
And tend you on the deep with all love's care:
You from your country Cesar's rage expels,
Affection, me---here Cesar's mandate fails."

[To be concluded in our next.]

EPIGRAM.

TEAGUE at St. James's strollʼd about,
One of his stockings wrong side out;
The centry askʼd, by way of sport,
If he dressʼd thus to come to court;
Or if before 'twas light he rose,
That he had thus put on his hose?
"No, faith, dear honey," Teague replyʼd;
"'Twas with design a fault to hide,
"For there's a hole on 'tother side."

ANECDOTE.

Mr. Campbell, an Argyleshire Laird, has given a specimen of the bull, superior to the above. The excellent military road in that county, constructed under the late General Wade, running thro' part of his estate, he has recorded his sense of this improvement in a conspicuous monument, on which is inscribed the following distich:

"Had you seen this road BEFORE IT WAS MADE,
You'd lift up your hands, and bless General Wade."

MORALIST.

CHARITY is a virtue so amiable in itself and so acceptable in the sight of Heaven, that it has been truly said to cover a number of sins. It is implanted indeed in our very nature, but has been greatly refined by the principles of Christianity operating upon the human mind. It is an epitome of all the religious duties---a duty, the fulfilling of which is absolutely necessary to the support, to the very existence of Society. The practice of it is entitled to higher praise than the practice of most other duties, inasmuch as those are directly or indirectly enforced and insisted upon by human laws and ordinances, while Charity, the noblest duty of all, is left to the candor, gratitude, or humanity of individuals; and thus a full scope is given to exercise generosity, and display the native dignity and lustre of Virtue.

Endowed with the bounties of Heaven we should consider ourselves as charged to do good to all around us; we are indeed but stewards of God's blessings, and must render a strict account to Him from whom our comforts flow, and by whose peculiar favor (certainly unmerited by any possible service of our's to Him) we have been placed in a happier station than those who implore relief at our hands.

ACADEMY.

THE Public are respectfully informed, that the Subscriber, who has received an Academical Education at Yale-College, continues to instruct the youth of both sexes at his Academy, No. 107 CHERRY-STREET, corner of OLIVER-STREET, and with pleasure returns his grateful acknowledgments to all those who have been his unvaried friends and patrons, and hopes by his indefatigable endeavor for the improvement of his pupils in their several branches of Education, and to form their minds to virtue and usefulness, to merit the continuance of their favors, and the approbation and support of a generous public. JOHN WARNER.

New York, October 31, 1801. 78 tf

EVENING TUITION.

The Subscriber intends to open an EVENING SCHOOL on Monday evening next, the 2d November, at his Academy No. 107 Cherry-Street, corner of Oliver-Street, in the same room where he teaches his Day-School; and although an Evening School has been commenced in this vicinity at an earlier period than has been customary in general, and disingenuous measures taken by the teachers to acquire extensive encouragement, yet the subscriber hopes to obtain a moderate share of patronage and encouragement, as he will receive no more scholars either into his Day or Evening School than he can carefully instruct. J. WARNER.

October 31, 1801. 79---

EVENING TUITION,

At the Academy, No 10, Broad-Street.

---TERMS---

Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, &c. 3 dollars a Scholar per quarter. Navigation and Surveying, together with various Branches of the Mathematics, 2 1-2 Dollars a Scholar per month.

N B. Quills, Ink, Fire-Wood and Candles, included in the above Charges. Attendance from 6 to half after 8 o'clock. NATHANIEL MEAD.

VALUABLE EDUCATION.

THE Subscriber, at No. 10 Peck-slip, teaches the Elements of Geography and Astronomy and use of the Globes, Land Surveying, Navigation with the double altitudes and lunar observations, the use of Margette's Longitude and Horary tables, which were designed to contract, and render more general the practice of ascertaining the longitude at sea by lunar distances, among persons unversed in astronomical calculations. He likewise teaches English Grammar, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Writing, Reading, &c.

He has been prevailed upon by a number o applicants, to open, at this early season, an

EVENING SCHOOL FOR SEAMEN,

and others, who wish to become proficients in nautical science.

As the Subscriber intends to establish a School of reputation in this place, none will be admitted but such as are decent; nor will his avidity for lucre induce him to accept of more than he can faithfully attend to.

September 5. JOSIAH MALLERY.

STAMPED PAPER,

Sold at J. Harrisson's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

BOOKS AND STATIONARY.

T. B. JANSEN, & Co.

No. 248 Pearl-Street, have lately received an assortment of very valuable and interesting Books,---among which are:

Benjamin's Country Builder, and other Architects,
Mair's, Pike's, Milns' and Fisher's Arithmetics,
Guthrie's and Pain's Geographies,
Winterbotham's and Robinson's History of America,
Hume's Hist. of England, with Smollet's continuation, 18 vols:
Goldsmith's History of the Earth,---plates,
Park's Travels, Cook's Voyages, with plates,
Notes on the State of Virginia, by Thomas Jefferson,
Junius' Letters, Thomson's Seasons, Cowper's Task,
Peter Pindar's Works, Churchill's Poems,
Beggar Girl, 3 vols: by Mrs Bennet, 3 dols:
De Valcourt, by the same,
Rural Walks, Montalbert, 2 vols: by CharlotteSmith,
Sorrows of Werter, and Charlotte's Letters, in 1 vl. 8s.
George Barnwell, Arabian Nights Entertainment,
Children of the Abbey, Charlotte Temple,
Camilla, a picture of Youth, Evelina, Italian Nun,
Mordaunt, sketches of Life, Characters and Manners in various countries, by the author of Zeluco and Edward,
Hidigert, Queen of Norway, 2 vols in one 1 dol:

STATIONARY.

Merchants Account Books, and paper suitable for blank books of all sizes; quills of the best quality; wafers, sealing wax, red and black ink and ink powder, ink chests, a great variety counting house ink stands, glass inks and sands for portable desks, pocket ink pieces, brass and leather counting house files, rulers, lead pencils, drawing paper very large, India ink, camel hair pencils, scales, dividers, mathematical instruments, pink tape, blotting paper, sand and sand boxes, pounce and pounce boxes, embossed, hot pressed, wove and plain letter paper of the best quality, check scissars, desk and pen knives, silver pencil cases, pocket books and ladies thread cases with instruments, &c.

EVENING SCHOOL.

THE Subscriber informs the Public, that he has opened his EVENING SCHOOL No. 55 Cherry-street, in th Room occupied by Mr. Tuttle last winter.

Oct. 3, 1801. JEREMIAH O'DRISCOL.

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX,

The Genuine French Almond Paste,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy---this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No. 81 William-street New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powders, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Asiatic Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and curling Irons, &c.

66 3m.

Sold at No. 3 Peck-Slip, by Appointment,

THE TRUE AND GENUINE

Dr. ANDERSON's

OR THE

Famous Scots Pills.

For Sale by John Harrisson, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

POEMS,

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

by

PHILIP FRENEAU.

Printed and published by J. HARRISSON,
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Translated from the original Latin.

BY P. FRENEAU.

[Continued from our last.]

NOW, unperceiv'd, the night declin'd away,
The night, refuſing long or more delay;
To eaſtern ſkies the circling bear had turn'd,
And gleams of morning o'er the mountains burn'd;
What could I do?---the love of home detain'd,
But ſcarce an hour to linger now remain'd:
My ſtay how often did the guards upbraid---
"Why urge me thus, where muſt I go?" I ſaid;
"Conſider, friends, I leave my much-lov'd home,
The world's firſt beauty, and its miſtreſs---Rome."
How often did I dream ſome future day
Was fix'd, as fitter, to prolong my ſtay!
Thrice on the threſhold I my ſtep impreſs'd,
Thrice I return'd at omen'd ills diſtreſt;
My ſtep, obedient to my ſoul's deſire,
Slow and reluctant, ſtrove not to retire:
Oft did I bid farewell, my ſteps retrace,
And like one dying, give the laſt embrace;
Repeated charges I before had given,
Loſt in diſtraction, or by madneſs driven,
And oft review'd, or to forget them ſtrove,
The once-dear objects of unhappy love.
Why ſhould I haſte?---to Scythia muſt I ſtray---
Rome muſt I leave?---both might excuſe delay;
My wife torn from me, widow'd will remain---
My houſe---my old, my lov'd domeſtic train,
Farewell forever! friends, whom faithful found,
More than fraternal friendſhip to me bound,
Whoſe hearts, link'd to me by affection true,
(Bound by a ſtronger tie than Theſeus knew)
While yet I can, I will embrace once more,
Since time nor fortune will that bliſs reſtore.
Each hour, each moment while I dare remain,
To me moſt precious, is a heaven of gain;---
O grant delay!---with words half loſt in air,
Again embracing what I held moſt dear,
I wept---all wept---meantime the morning ſtar
Beam'd in the eaſt, the day's ſad harbinger;
Condemn'd to part, dull, comfortleſs, forlorn,
Half of myſelf ſeem'd from the other torn.
Thus Priam wept when Jove and adverſe fates
To teach'rous Greece unlock'd his Trojan gates.
Now groans and wailings burſt from all around,
They ſmite their breaſts, or in diſtraction wound:
My dame cloſe to me hung with grief oppreſs'd,
And, drown'd in tears, theſe killing words addreſs'd:
"You muſt not go---or I will ſhare your fate,
A baniſh'd woman with her baniſh'd mate;
Where'er you go I'll conſtant, faithful prove,
Will follow to the world's laſt bounds my love;
You to relieve, I every load will bear,
And tend you on the deep with all love's care:
You from your country Ceſar's rage expels,
Affection, me---here Ceſar's mandate fails."

[To be concluded in our next.]

EPIGRAM.

TEAGUE at St. James's ſtroll'd about,
One of his ſtockings wrong ſide out;
The centry aſk'd, by way of ſport,
If he dreſs'd thus to come to court;
Or if before 'twas light he roſe,
That he had thus put on his hoſe?
"No, faith, dear honey," Teague reply'd;
"'Twas with deſign a fault to hide,
"For there's a hole on 'tother ſide."

ANECDOTE.

Mr. Campbell, an Argyleſhire Laird, has given a ſpecimen of the bull, ſuperior to the above. The excellent military road in that county, conſtructed under the late General Wade, running thro' part of his eſtate, he has recorded his ſenſe of this improvement in a conſpicuous monument, on which is inſcribed the following diſtich:

"Had you ſeen this road BEFORE IT WAS MADE,
You'd lift up your hands, and bleſs General Wade."

MORALIST.

CHARITY is a virtue ſo amiable in itſelf and ſo acceptable in the ſight of Heaven, that it has been truly ſaid to cover a number of ſins. It is implanted indeed in our very nature, but has been greatly refined by the principles of Chriſtianity operating upon the human mind. It is an epitome of all the religious duties---a duty, the fulfilling of which is abſolutely neceſſary to the ſupport, to the very exiſtence of Society. The practice of it is entitled to higher praiſe than the practice of moſt other duties, inaſmuch as thoſe are directly or indirectly enforced and inſiſted upon by human laws and ordinances, while Charity, the nobleſt duty of all, is left to the candor, gratitude, or humanity of individuals; and thus a full ſcope is given to exerciſe generoſity, and diſplay the native dignity and luſtre of Virtue.

Endowed with the bounties of Heaven we ſhould conſider ourſelves as charged to do good to all around us; we are indeed but ſtewards of God's bleſſings, and muſt render a ſtrict account to Him from whom our comforts flow, and by whoſe peculiar favor (certainly unmerited by any poſſible ſervice of our's to Him) we have been placed in a happier ſtation than thoſe who implore relief at our hands.

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New York, October 31, 1801. 78 tf

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